LOVE OR MONEY;

OR,

A PERILOUS SECRET.

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CHAPTER VI.

SHARP PRACTICE.

Hope paid a visit to his native place in Derbyshire, and his poor relations shared his prosperity, and blessed him, and Mr. Bartley upon his report; for Hope was one of those choice spirits who praise the bridge that carries them safe over the stream of adversity.

He returned to Sussex with all the news, and amongst the rest, that Colonel Clifford had a farm coming vacant. Walter Clifford had insisted on a higher rent at the conclusion of the term, but the tenant had demurred.

Bartley paid little attention at the time; but by-and-by he said, "Did you not see signs of coal on Colonel Clifford's property?"

"That I did, and on this very farm, and told him so. But he is behind the age. I have no patience with him. Take one of those old iron ramrods that used to load the old musket, and cover that ramrod with prejudices a foot and a half deep, and there you have Colonel Clifford."

"Well, but a tenant would not be bound by his prejudices."

"A tenant! A tenant takes no right to mine, under a farm lease; he would have to propose a special contract, or to ask leave, and Colonel Clifford would never grant it."

There the conversation dropped. But the matter rankled in Bartley's mind. Without saying any more to Hope, he consulted a sharp attorney.

The result was that he took Mary Bartley with him into Derbyshire.

He put up at a little inn, and called at Clifford Hall.

He found Colonel Clifford at home, and was received stiffly, but graciously. He gave Colonel Clifford to understand that he had left business.

"All the better," said Colonel Clifford, sharply.

"And taken to farming."

"Ugh!" said the other, with his favorite snort.

At this moment who should walk into the room but Walter Clifford.

Bartley started and stared.

"Mr. Bolton," said Bartley, scarcely above a whisper.

But Colonel Clifford heard it, and said, brusquely: "Bolton! No. Why, this is Walter Clifford, my son, and my man of business.—Walter, this is Mr. Bartley."

"Proud to make your acquaintance, sir," said the astute Bartley, ignoring the past.

Walter was glad he took this line before Colonel Clifford; not that he forgave Mr. Bartley that old affront the reader knows of.

The judicious Bartley read his face, and, as a first step toward propitiation, introduced him to his daughter. Walter was amazed at her beauty and grace, coming from such a stock. He welcomed her courteously, but shyly. She replied with rare affability, and that entire absence of mock-modesty which was already a feature in her character. To be sure, she was little more than fifteen, though she was full grown, and looked nearer twenty.

Bartley began to feel his way with Colonel Clifford about the farm. He told him he was pretty successful in agriculture, thanks to the assistance of an experienced friend, and then he said, half carelessly, "By-the-bye, they tell me you have one to let. Is that so?"

"Walter," said Colonel Clifford, "have you a farm to let?"

"Not at present, sir; but one will be vacant in a month, unless the present tenant consents to pay thirty per cent. more than he has done."

"Might I see that farm, Mr. Walter?" asked Bartley.

"Certainly," said Walter; "I shall be happy to show you over it." Then he turned to Mary. "I am afraid it would be no compliment to you. Ladies are not interested in farms."

"Oh, but *I* am, since papa is, and Mr. Hope; and then on *our* farm there are so many dear little young things; little calves, little lambs, and little pigs. Little pigs are ducks—*very* little ones, I mean; and there is nearly always a young colt about, that eats out of my hand. Not like a farm? The idea!"

"Then I will show you all over ours, you and your papa," said Walter, warmly. He then asked Mr. Bartley where he was to be found; and when Mr. Bartley told him at the "Dun Cow," he looked at Mary and said, "Oh!"

Mary understood in a moment, and laughed and said: "We are very comfortable, I assure you. We have the parlor all to ourselves, and there are samplers hung up, and oh! such funny pictures, and the landlady is beginning to spoil me already."

"Nobody can spoil you, Mary," said Mr. Bartley.

"You ought to know, papa, for you have been trying a good many years."

"Not very many, Miss Bartley," said Colonel Clifford, graciously. Then he gave half a start and said: "Here am I calling her miss when she is my own niece, and, now I think of it, she can't be half as old as she looks. I remember the day she was born. My dear, you are an impostor."

Bartley changed color at this chance shaft. But Colonel Clifford explained: "You pass for twenty, and you can't be more than—Let me see."

"I am fifteen and four months," said Mary, "and I do take people in—*cruelly*."

"Well," said Colonel Clifford, "you see you can't take me in. I know your date. So come and give your old ruffian of an uncle a kiss."

"That I will," cried Mary, and flew at Colonel Clifford, and flung both arms round his neck and kissed him. "Oh! papa," said she, "I have got an uncle now. A hero, too; and me that is so fond of heroes! Only this is my first—out of books."

"Mary, my dear," said Bartley, "you are too impetuous. Please excuse her, Colonel Clifford. Now, my dear, shake hands with your cousin, for we must be going."

Mary complied; but not at all impetuously. She lowered her long lashes, and put out her hand timidly, and said, "Good-by, Cousin Walter."

He held her hand a moment, and that made her color directly. "You will come over the farm. Can you ride? Have you your habit?"

"No, cousin; but never mind that. I can put on a long skirt."

"A skirt! But, after all, it does not matter a straw what *you* wear."

Next day, punctual to the minute, Walter drove up to the door in an open carriage drawn by two fast steppers. He found Mr. Bartley alone, and why? because, at sight of Walter, Mary, for the first time in her life, had flown upstairs to look at herself in the glass before facing the visitor, and to smooth her hair, and retouch a bow, etc., underrating, as usual, the power of beauty, and overrating nullities. Bartley took this opportunity, and said to young Clifford:

"I owe you an apology, and a most earnest one. Can you ever forgive me?"

Walter changed color. Even this humble allusion to so great an insult was wormwood to him. He bit his lip and said:

"No man can do more than say he is sorry. I will try to forget it, sir."

"That is as much as I can expect," said Bartley, humbly. "But if you only knew the art, the cunning, the apparent evidence, with which that villain Monckton deluded me——"

"That I can believe."

"And permit me one observation before we drop this unhappy subject forever. If you had done me the honor to come to me as Walter Clifford, why, then, strong and misleading as the evidence was, I should have said, 'Appearances are deceitful, but no Clifford was ever disloyal.'"

This artful speech conquered Walter Clifford. He blushed, and bowed a little haughtily at the compliment to the Cliffords. But his sense of justice was aroused.

"You are right," said he. "I must try and see both sides. If a man sails under false colors, he mustn't howl if he is mistaken for a pirate. Let us dismiss the subject forever. I am Walter Clifford now—at your service."

At that moment Mary Bartley came in beaming with youth and beauty, and illumined the room. The cousins shook hands, and Walter's eyes glowed with admiration.

After a few words of greeting he handed Mary into the drag. Her father followed, and he was about to drive off, when Mary cried out, "Oh, I forgot my skirt if I am to ride."

The skirt was brought down, and the horses, that were beginning to fret, dashed off. A smart little groom rode behind, and on reaching the farm they found another with two saddle-horses, one of them a small gentle Arab gelding, had a side-saddle. They rode all over the farm, and inspected the buildings, which were in excellent repair, thanks to Walter's supervision. Bartley inquired the number of acres and the rent demanded. Walter told him. Bartley said it seemed to him a fair rent; still, he should like to know why the present tenant declined.

"Perhaps you had better ask him," said Walter. "I should wish to hear both sides."

"That is like you," said Bartley; "but where does the shoe pinch, in your opinion?"

"Well, he tells me in sober earnest, that he loses money by it as it is; but when he is drunk he tells his boon companions that he has made seven thousand pounds here. He has one or two grass fields that want draining; but I offer him the pipes; he has only got to lay them and cut the drains. My opinion is that he is the slave of habit; he is so used to make an unfair profit out of these acres that he cannot break himself of it and be content with a fair one."

"I dare say you have hit it," said Bartley. "Well, I am fond of farming; but I don't live by it, and a moderate profit would content me."

Walter said nothing. The truth is, he did not want to let the farm to Bartley.

Bartley saw this, and drew Mary aside.

"Should not you like to come here, my child?"

"Yes, papa, if you wish it; and you know it's dear Mr. Hope's birth-place."

"Well, then, tell this young fellow so. I will give you an opportunity."

That was easily managed, and then Mary said, timidly, "Cousin Walter, we should all three be so glad if we might have the farm."

"Three?" said he, "who is the third?"

"Oh, somebody that everybody likes and I love. It is Mr. Hope. Such a duck! I am sure you would like him."

"Hope! Is his name William?"

"Yes, it is. Do you know him?" asked Mary, eagerly.

"I have reason to know him; he did me a good turn once, and I shall never forget it."

"Just like him!" cried Mary. "He is always doing people good turns. He is the best, the truest, the cleverest, the dearest darling dear that ever stepped, and a second father to me; and, cousin, this village is his birth-place, and he didn't say much, but it was he who told us of this farm, and he would be so pleased if I could write and say, 'We are to have the farm—Cousin Walter says so.'"

She turned her lovely eyes, brimming with tenderness, toward her cousin Walter, and he was done for.

"Of course you shall have it," he said, warmly. "Only you will not be angry with me if I insist on the increased rent. You know, cousin, I have a father, too, and I must be just to him."

"To be sure, you must, dear," said Mary, incautiously; and the word penetrated Walter's heart as if a woman of twenty-five had said it all of a sudden and for the first time.

When they got home, Mary told Mr. Bartley he was to have the farm if he would pay the increased rent.

"That is all right," said Bartley. "To-morrow we can go home."

"So soon!" said Mary, sorrowfully.

"Yes," said Bartley, firmly; "the rest had better be done in writing. Why, Mary, what is the use of staying on now? We are going to live here in a month or two."

"I forgot that," said Mary, with a little sigh. It seemed so ungracious to get what they wanted, and then turn their backs directly. She hinted as much, very timidly.

But Bartley was inexorable, and they reached home next day.

Mary would have liked to write to Walter, and announce their safe arrival, but nature withheld her. She was a child no longer.

Bartley went to the sharp solicitor, and had a long interview with him. The result was that in about ten days he sent Walter Clifford a letter and the draft of a lease, very favorable to the landlord on the whole, but cannily inserting one unusual clause that looked inoffensive.

It came by post, and Walter read the letter, and told his father whom it was from.

"What does the fellow say?" grunted Colonel Clifford.

"He says: 'We are doing very well here, but Hope says a bailiff can now carry out our system; and he is evidently sweet on his native place, and thinks the proposed rent is fair, and even moderate. As for me, my life used to be so bustling that I require a change now and then; so I will be your tenant. Hope says I am to pay the expenses of the lease, so I have requested Arrowsmith & Cox to draw it. I have no experience in leases. They have drawn hundreds. I told them to make it fair. If they have not, send it back with objections.'"

"Oh! oh!" said Colonel Clifford. "He draws the lease, does he? Then look at it with a microscope."

Walter laughed.

"I should not like to encounter him on his own ground. But here he is a fish out of water; he must be. However, I will pass my eye over it. Where the farmer generally overreaches us, if he draws the lease, is in the clauses that protect him on leaving. He gets part possession for months without paying rent, and he hampers and fleeces the incoming tenant, so that you lose a year's rent or have to buy him out. Now, let me see, that will be at the end of the document——No; it is exceedingly fair, this one."

"Show it to our man of business, and let him study every line. Set an attorney to catch an attorney."

"Of course I shall submit it to our solicitor," said Walter.

This was done, and the experienced practitioner read it very carefully. He pronounced it unusually equitable for a farmer's lease.

"However," said he, "we might suggest that he does *all* the repairs and draining, and that you find the materials; and also that he insures all the farm buildings. But you can hardly stand out for the insurance if he objects. There's no harm trying. Stay! here is one clause that is unusual; the tenant is to have the right to bore for water, or to penetrate the surface of the soil, and take out gravel or chalk or minerals, if any. I don't like that clause. He might quarry, and cut the farm in pieces. Ah, there's a proviso, that any damage to the surface or the agricultural value shall be fully compensated, the amount of such injury to be settled by the landlord's valuer or surveyor. Oh, come, if you can charge your own price, that can't kill you."

In short, the draft was approved, subject to certain corrections. These were accepted. The lease was engrossed in duplicate, and in due course signed and delivered. The old tenant left, abusing the Cliffords, and saying that it was unfair to bring in a stranger, for *he* would have given all the money.

Bartley took possession.

Walter welcomed Hope very warmly, and often came to see him. He took a great interest in Hope's theories of farming, and often came to the farm for lessons. But that interest was very much increased by the opportunities it gave him of seeing and talking to sweet Mary Bartley. Not that he was forward or indiscreet. She was not yet sixteen, and he tried to remember she was a child.

Unfortunately for that theory she looked a ripe woman, and this very Walter made her more and more womanly. Whenever Walter was near she had new timidity, new blushes, fewer gushes, less impetuosity, more reserve. Sweet innocent! She was set by Nature to catch the man by the surest way, though she had no such design.

Hope had hardly started the farm when Bartley sent him off to Belgium *—to study coal mines.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

Mr. Hope left his powerful opera-glass with Mary Bartley. One day that Walter called she was looking through it at the landscape, and handed it to him. He admired its power. Mary told him it had saved her life once.

"Oh," said he, "how could that be?"

Then she told him Hope had seen her drowning, a mile off, with it, and ridden a bare-backed steed to her rescue.

"God bless him!" cried Walter. "He is our best friend. Might I borrow this famous glass?"

"Oh," said Mary, "I am not going into any more streams; I am not so brave as I used to be."

"Please lend it me, for all that."

"Of course I will, if you wish it."

Strange to say, after this, whether Mary walked or rode out, she very often met Mr. Walter Clifford. He was always delighted and surprised. She was surprised three times, and said so, and after that she came to lower her lashes and blush, but not to start. Each meeting was a pure accident, no doubt, only she foresaw the inevitable occurrence.

They talked about everything in the world except what was most on their minds. Their soft tones and expressive eyes supplied that little deficiency.

If Hope had been at home, Mary would have been looked after more sharply. But if she was punctual at meals, that went a long way with Robert Bartley.

However, the accidental and frequent meetings of Walter and Mary, and their delightful rides and walks, were interfered with just as they began to grow into a habit. There arrived at Clifford Hall a formidable person—in female eyes especially—a beautiful heiress. Julia Clifford, great-niece and ward of Colonel Clifford; very tall, graceful, with dark gray eyes, and black eyebrows the size of a leach, that narrowed to a point and met in finer lines upon the bridge of a nose that was gently aquiline, but not too large, as such noses are apt to be. A large, expressive mouth, with wonderful r ws of ivory, and the prettiest little black down, fine as hair, on her upper lip, and a skin rather dark but clear, and glowing with the warm blood beneath it, completed this noble girl. She was nineteen years of age.

Colonel Clifford received her with warm affection and old-fashioned courtesy; but as he was disabled by a violent fit of gout, he deputed Walter to attend to her on foot and horseback.

Miss Clifford, accustomed to homage, laid Walter under contribution every day. She was very active, and he had to take her for a walk in the morning, and a ride in the afternoon. He winced a little under this at first; it kept him so much from Mary. But there was some compensation. Julia Clifford was a lady-like rider, and also a bold and skilful one.

The first time he rode with her he asked her beforehand what sort of a horse she would like.

"Oh, anything," said she, "that is not vicious nor slow."

"A hack or a hunter?"

"Oh, a hunter, if I *may*."

"Perhaps you will do me the honor to look at them and select."

"You are very kind, and I will."

He took her to the stables, and she selected a beautiful black mare, with a coat like satin.

"There," said Walter, despondingly. "I was afraid you would fix on *her*. She is impossible. I can't ride her myself."

"Vicious?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, then——"

Here an old groom touched his hat, and said, curtly, "Too hot and fidgety, miss. I'd as lieve ride of a boiling kettle."

Walter explained: "The poor thing is the victim of nervousness."

"Which I call them as rides her the victims," suggested the ancient groom.

"She wants soothing," suggested Miss Clifford.

"Nay, miss. She wants bleeding o'er Sundays, and sweating over the fallows till she drops o' week-days. But if she was mine I'd put her to work in a coal-cart for six months; that would larn her."

"I will ride her," said Miss Clifford, calmly; "her or none."

"Saddle her, George," said Walter, resignedly. "I'd ride Goliah. Black Bess sha'n't plead a bad example. Goliah is as meek as Moses, Miss Clifford. He is a gigantic mouse."

When Black Bess was ready, Miss Clifford asked leave to hold the bridle, and walk her out of the premises. As she walked her she patted and caressed her, and talked to her all the time—told her they all misunderstood her because she was a female; but now she was not to be tormented and teased, but to have her own way.

Then she asked George to hold the mare's head as gently as he could, and Walter to put her up. She was in the saddle in a moment. The mare fidgeted and pranced, but did not rear. Julia slackened the reins, and patted and praised her, and let her go. She made a run, but was checked by degrees with the snaffle. She had a beautiful mouth, and it was in good hands at last.

When they had ridden a few miles they came to a very open country, and Julia asked demurely if she might be allowed to try her off the road. "All right," said Walter; and Miss Julia, with a smart decision that contrasted greatly with the meekness of her proposal, put her straight at the bank, and cleared it like a bird. They had a famous gallop, but this judicious rider neither urged the mare nor greatly checked her. She moderated her. Black Bess came home that day sweating properly, but with a marked diminution of lather and foam. Miss Clifford asked leave to ride her into the stable-yard, and after dismounting talked to her, and patted her, and praised her. An hour later the pertinacious beauty asked for a carrot from the garden, and fed Black Bess with it in the stable.

By these arts, a very light hand, and tact in riding, she soothed Black Bess's nerves, so that at last the very touch of her habit skirt, or her hand, or the sound of her voice, seemed to soothe the poor nervous creature; and at last one day in the stable Bess protruded her great lips and kissed her fair rider on the shoulder after her manner.

All this interested and amused Walter Clifford, but still he was beginning to chafe at being kept from Miss Bartley, when one morning her servant rode over with a note.

"Dear Cousin Walter,—Will you kindly send me back my opera glass? I want to see what is going on at Clifford Hall.

"Yours affectionately,

"Mary Bartley."

Walter wrote back directly that he would bring it himself, and tell her what was going on at Clifford Hall.

So he rode over and told her of Julia Clifford's arrival, and how his father had deputed him to attend on her, and she took up his time. It was beginning to be a bore.

"On the contrary," said Mary, "I dare say she is very handsome."

"That she is," said Walter.

"Please describe her."

"A very tall, dark girl, with wonderful eyebrows; and she has broken in Black Bess, that some of us men could not ride in comfort."

Mary changed color. She murmured, "No wonder the Hall is more attractive than the farm!" and the tears shone in her eyes.

"Oh, Mary," said Walter reproachfully, "how can you say that? What is Julia Clifford to me?"

"I can't tell," said Mary, dryly. "I never saw you together *through my glass, you know.*"

Walter laughed at this innuendo.

"You shall see us together to-morrow, if you will bless one of us with your company."

"I might be in the way."

"That is not very likely. Will you ride to Hammond Church to-morrow at about ten, and finish your sketch of the tower? I will bring Miss Clifford there, and introduce you to each other."

This was settled, and Mary was apparently quite intent on her sketch when Walter and Julia rode up, and Walter said:

"This is my cousin, Mary Bartley. May I introduce her to you?"

"Of course. What a sweet face!"

So the ladies were introduced, and Julia praised Mary's sketch, and Mary asked leave to add her to it, hanging, pensive figure, over a tomb-stone. Julia took an admirable pose, and Mary, with her quick and facile fingers, had her on the paper in no time. Walter asked her, in a whisper, what she thought of her model.

"I like her," said Mary. "She is rather pretty."

"Rather pretty! Why, she is an acknowledged beauty."

"A beauty? The idea! Long black thing!"

Then they rode all together to the farm. There Mary was all innocent hospitality, and the obnoxious Julia kissed her at parting, and begged her to come and see her at the Hall.

Mary did call, and found her with a young gentleman of short stature, who was devouring her with his eyes, but did not overflow in discourse, having a slight impediment in his speech. This was Mr. Percy Fitzroy. Julia introduced him.

"And where are you staying, Percy?" inquired she.

"At the D—D—Dun—Cow."

"What is that?"

Walter explained that it was a small hostelry, but one that was occasionally honored by distinguished visitors. Miss Bartley stayed three days.

"I h—hope to st—ay more than that," said little Percy, with an amorous glance at Julia.

Miss Clifford took Mary to her room, and soon asked her what she thought of him; then anticipating criticism, she said there was not much of him, but he was such a duck.

"He dresses beautifully," was Mary's guarded remark.

However, when Walter rode home with her, being now relieved of his attendance on Julia, she was more communicative. Said she: "I never knew before that a man could look like fresh cambric. Dear me! his head and his face and his little whiskers, his white scarf, his white waist-coat, and all his clothes, and himself, seem just washed and ironed and starched. *I looked round for the bandbox.*"

"Never mind," said Walter. "He is a great addition. My duties devolve on him. And I shall be free to——How her eyes shone and her voice mellowed when she spoke to him! Confess, now, love is a beautiful thing."

"I cannot say. Not experienced in beautiful things." And Mary looked mighty demure.

"Of course not. What am I thinking of? You are only a child."

"A little more than that, *please*."

"At all events, love beautified *her*."

"I saw no difference. She was always a lovely girl."

"Why, you said she was 'a long black thing.'"

"Oh, that was before—she looked engaged."

After this young Fitzroy was generally Miss Clifford's companion in her many walks, and Walter Clifford had a delightful time with Mary Bartley.

Her nurse discovered how matters were going. But she said nothing. From something Bartley let fall years ago she divined that Bartley was robbing Walter Clifford by substituting Hope's child for his own, and she thought the mischief could be repaired and the sin atoned for if he and Mary became man and wife. So she held her tongue and watched.

The servants at the hall watched the whole game, and saw how the young people were pairing, and talked them over very freely.

The only person in the dark was Colonel Clifford. He was nearly always confined to his room. However, one day he came down, and found Julia and Percy together. She introduced Percy to him. The Colonel was curt, but grumpy, and Percy soon beat a retreat.

The Colonel sent for Walter to his room. He did not come for some time, because he was wooing Mary Bartley.

Colonel Clifford's first word was, "Who was that little stuttering dandy I caught spooning *your* Julia?"

"Only Percy Fitzroy."

"Only Percy Fitzroy. Never despise your rivals, sir. Always remember that young women are full of vanity, and expect to be courted all day long. I will thank you not to leave the field open a single day till you have secured the prize."

"What prize, sir?"

"What prize, you ninny? Why, the beautiful girl that can buy back Oddington and Drayton, peaches and fruit and all. They are both to be sold at this moment. What prize? Why, the wife I have secured for you, if you don't go and play the fool and neglect her."

Walter Clifford looked aghast.

"Julia Clifford!" said he. "Pray don't ask me to marry *her*."

"Not ask you—but I do ask you; and what is more, I command you. Would you revolt again against your father, who has forgiven you, and break my heart, now I am enfeebled by disease? Julia Clifford is your wife, or you are my son no more."

[To be Continued.]

WHO KNOWS?

Judge none lost; but wait and see
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the hight of pain,
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days.
—[Adelaide Proctor.

WORKING WOMEN IN CITIES

How We Are Imitating the Cities of the Old World.

The room was about ten feet square and had one window opening on a court, and though in the top of the house, the light was scarcely sufficient to permit her to see to sew on the buttons she was placing with mechanical swiftness on a pile of shirts at her feet. A cot bed stood in one corner, which looked clean, but scanty as to the clothes and devoid of a pillow. Two chairs, a board nailed against the wall for a shelf, a small old table and a tiny, broken stove, completed the furniture. There was no carpet and the cold wind penetrated the room.

Here the poor soul was keeping herself in the body by finishing off shirts at seven cents a dozen. This work consisted of putting on each four gussets, three buttons and a ticket. Or she made calico sacques at sixty cents a dozen, men's drawers at forty-five cents a dozen, linen dusters at eight cents a piece, or woolen shirts at thirty cents a dozen. By one way or another she earned $2.40 per week. And this is the way her story was told:

"Out of this I pay seventy-five cents for rent and forty cents for coal and wood which leaves me one dollar and fifty cents for food, clothes, medicine, car fare, theater tickets and a box at the opera. Seriously, though, I buy a quarter of a pound of tea, a half pound of sugar, one pound oat meal, one pint of beans, two ten cent loaves of bread, one soup-bone, and perhaps it costs a couple of cents a week for salt, pepper and herbs for my soup. I buy a quarter of a pound of butter per week and sometimes I get a little milk for my tea. The things I have enumerated generally form my bill of fare for a week. . . . . I spend about one dollar and twenty-five cents a week for food, and it costs me four cents a week for kerosene. I must save and pinch very closely to be able to buy clothes and any reading matter."

How many thousands are toiling in this way who could find comfortable homes in the west if they were only aided to get away.